



PROLOGUE.

This romance of Freckles and the Angel of the Limberlost is one of the most novel, entertaining, wholesome and fascinating stories that have come from the pen of an American author in many years. The characters in this sylvan tale are:

Freckles, a plucky waf who guards the Limberlost timber leases and dreams of angels.

The Swamp Angel, in whom Freckles' sweetest dream materializes.

McLean, a member of a lumber company, who befriends Freckles.

Mrs. Duncan, who gives mother love and a home to Freckles.

Duncan, head teamster of McLean's timber gang.

The Bird Woman, who is collecting camera studies of birds for a book.

Lord and Lady O'More, who come from Ireland in quest of a lost relative.

The Man of Affairs, brusque of manner, but big of heart.

Wessner, a timber thief who wants rascality made easy.

Black Jack, a villain to whom thought of repentance comes too late.

(Continued from last week's issue)

SYNOPSIS.

Freckles, a homeless boy, is hired by Ben McLean, a guard of the expensive timber in the Limberlost from timber thieves. Freckles does his work faithfully, makes friends with the birds and yearns to know more about nature. He lives with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan.

He resolves to get books and educate himself. He becomes interested in a huge pile of volumes and calls his bird friends his "chickens."

Some of the trees he is guarding are worth \$1,000 each. Freckles' books arrive. He receives a call from Wessner.

Wessner attempts to bribe Freckles to betray his trust, and Freckles whips him. McLean overhears them and witnesses the fight.

Freckles' honesty saves a precious tree. He finds the nest of the vulture and is visited by a beautiful young girl.

She calls Freckles McLean's son. Freckles calls her "the angel" and helps the Bird Woman in taking photographs. McLean promises to adopt Freckles.

Freckles and the angel become very friendly. Anasized by the Bird Woman, they drive Wessner and Black Jack, timber thieves, from the Limberlost.

McLean fears more trouble, but Freckles insists upon being the sole guard of the timber. Freckles calls upon the angel's father.

The angel receives him as her equal, and her father is kind. Mrs. Duncan has exciting adventures in the Limberlost.

The Bird Woman and the angel again visit Freckles, and Freckles falls in love with the angel. The angel kisses him.

The angel nodded gravely, and Freckles saw in a flash that he had done the proper thing in going to her father. Then she was saying that she could scarcely wait for the time to come for the next picture of the Little Chickens series. "I want to hear the rest of that song, and I hadn't even begun seeing your room yet," she complained. "I wonder if I couldn't bring my banjo and some of the songs I like best. I'll play and you'll sing."

Freckles felt that if he lifted his eyes the adoration in them would frighten her.

"I was afraid your experience the other day would scare you so that you'd never be coming again," he found himself saying.

The angel laughed gayly.

"Did I look scared?" she questioned.

"No," said Freckles; "you did not."

"Oh, I just enjoyed that," she cried.

"Those hateful, stealing old things! I had a big notion to plink one of them, but I thought maybe some way it would be best for you that I shouldn't. They needed it. That didn't scare me, and, as for the Bird Woman, she's accustomed to finding snakes, tramps, cross dogs, sheep, cattle and goodness knows what. You can't frighten her when she's after a picture. Did they come back?"

"No," said Freckles. "The gang got there a little after noon and took out the tree, but I must tell you and you must tell the Bird Woman that there's

FRECKLES

By
Gene Stratton-
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no doubt but they will be coming back, and they will have to make it before long now, for it's soon the gang will be there to work on the swamp."

"Oh, what a shame!" cried the angel. "They'll clear out roads, cut down the beautiful trees and tear up everything. They'll drive away the birds and spoil the cathedral. When they have done their worst all these miles about here will follow in and take out the cheap timber. Then the land-owners will dig a few ditches, build some fires, and in two summers more the Limberlost will be in corn and potatoes."

"You like it, too," said Freckles.

"Yes," said the angel; "I love it. Your room is a little piece right out of the heart of fairyland, and the cathedral is God's work, not yours. You only found it and opened the door after he had it completed. Come get a cool drink before you start back. It won't take but a minute, and you can ride fast enough to make up for it."

Freckles looked into the beautiful face of the angel in sheer wonderment. Did she truly mean it? Would she walk down that street with him, crippled, homely, in mean clothing?

"I really must be off," said Freckles earnestly, "but I'm thanking you more than you'll ever know for your kindness. I'll just be drinking bowls of icy things all my way home in the thoughts of it."

Down came the angel's foot. Her eyes flashed. "There's no sense in that," she said. "How do you think you would have felt when you knew I was warm and thirsty and you went and brought me a drink and I wouldn't take it because—because goodness knows why?"

She deliberately slipped her hand under his arm—the right arm that ended in an empty sleeve.

"You are coming," she said firmly.

Freckles' head swam.

"Please don't, angel," he said softly. "You don't understand. If your father came on to me on the street in my station and dress with you on me arm he'd have every right to be caning me before the people, and not a finger would I lift to stay him."

The angel's eyes snapped. "If you think my father cares about my doing anything that is right and kind and that makes me happy to do, why, then you completely failed in reading my father, and I'll ask him and just show you."

She dropped Freckles' arm and turned toward the entrance to the building. "Why, look there!" she exclaimed.

Her father stood at a window, watching the scene with eyes that comprehended quite as thoroughly as if he had heard every word. The angel made a despairing gesture toward Freckles. The man of affairs answered her with a look of infinite tenderness. He nodded his head, and the veriest dolt could have read the words his lips formed. "Take him along!"

A sudden trembling seized Freckles. The angel turned on him with triumphant eyes. She was highly strung and not accustomed to being thwarted. "Did you see that?" she demanded. "Now are you satisfied? Will you come?" Freckles went.

On every hand she was kept busy giving and receiving the cheeriest greetings. She walked into the parlors exactly as if she owned them. A long row of people stared with varying degrees of insolence and curiosity as Freckles had felt they would. He glanced at the angel. Now would she see?

"On my soul!" he muttered under his breath. "They don't even touch her!" She turned the full battery of her eyes on the attendant.

"I want to mix a drink for my friend," she said. "He has a long, hot ride before him, and I don't want him started off with one of those old palates teasing sweetnesses that you mix just on purpose to drive a man back in ten minutes. I want a clear, cool, sparkling drink that has a tang of acid in it."

The angel compounded the drink and carried the brimming glass to Freckles. He said in the mellowest of all the mellow tones of his voice, "I'll be drinking it to the Swamp Angel."

And as he had said to her that first day the angel now cautioned him, "Be drinking slowly."

As the screen door swung behind them one of the men at the counter asked of the attendant, "Now, what did that mean?"

"Exactly what you saw," replied he rather curtly. "We're accustomed to it in here. Hardly a day passes this hot weather but she's picking up some poor, god forsaken mortal and bringing him in. Then she comes behind the counter herself and fixes up a drink to suit the occasion."

"Mighty queer specimen she had this time," volunteered another. "Wonder who he is?"

"I think," said a third, "that he's McLean's Limberlost guard, and I suspect she's gone to the swamp with the Bird Woman for pictures and knows him that way."

Out on the street the angel waited beside Freckles to the first crossing, and there she stopped.

"Did you insist on fixing that drink because you knew how intoxicating 'would be?' asked Freckles.

There was subtlety in the compliment, and the angel laughed gleefully. "Next time maybe you won't take so much coaxing," she said.

"I wouldn't this if I had known your father and been understanding you better. Do you really think the Bird Woman will be coming again?"

The angel jeered. "Wild horses couldn't drag her away," she cried. "She will have hard work to wait the week out. I shouldn't be in the least surprised to see her start any hour."

Freckles couldn't bear the suspense; it had to come.

"And you?" he questioned, but he dared not lift his eyes.

"Wild horses me, too," she laughed. "couldn't keep me away either! Now, goodbye."

Freckles was half way to the Limberlost when he dismounted. He could ride no farther, because he could not see the road. He sat down under a tree and, leaning against it, burst into a storm of sobs that shook, twisted and rent him. If they would remind him of his position, speak condescendingly or notice his hand he could bear it, but this—it would surely kill him! His hot, pulsing Irish blood could not bear it. What did they mean? Why did they do it? Were they like that to every one? Was it pity?

It could not be, for he knew that the Bird Woman and the angel's father must know that he was not really McLean's son, and it did not matter to them in the least. In spite of accident and poverty, they evidently expected him to do something worth while in the world. That must be his remedy. He must go to work on his education. He must get away. He must find and do the great thing of which the angel talked. For the first time his thoughts turned anxiously toward the city and the beginning of his studies. McLean and the Duncans spoke of him as "the boy," but he was a man. He must face life bravely and act a man's part. The angel was a mere child. He must not allow her to torture him past bearing with her frank comradeship that meant to him high heaven, earth's richness and all that lay between and just nothing to her.

There was an ominous growl of thunder, and Freckles snatched up his wheel and raced for the swamp. He was worried to find his boots lying at the cabin door. The children playing on the wood pile told him that mither said they were so heavy she couldn't walk in them and she had come back and taken them off. Thoroughly frightened, he stopped only long enough to slip them on himself and then sped with all his strength for the Limberlost. To the west the long, black, hard beaten trail lay clear, but far up the east side, straight across the path, he could see what was certainly a limp brown figure.

Face down, Sarah Duncan lay across the trail. When Freckles turned her over his blood chilled at the look of horror frozen on her face. There was a low humming, and something spat against him. Glancing about, Freckles shivered in terror, for there was a swarm of wild bees settled on a scrub thorn only a few yards away. The air was thick with excited, unsettled bees making ready to lead further in search of a suitable location. Then he thought he understood, and with a prayer of thankfulness in his heart that she had escaped even so narrowly he caught her up and hurried down the trail until they were well out of danger.

CHAPTER XII.
WITH HIS SWAMP ANGEL.

SARAH DUNCAN had not followed the trail many rods when her trouble began. She was not Freckles, and not a bird of the line was going to be fooled into thinking she was. They kept whizzing from their nests and darting from all sorts of unexpected places about her head and feet with quick whirrs that kept her starting and jumping. Before Freckles was half-way to the town poor Mrs. Duncan was hysterical and the Limberlost had neither sung nor performed for her.

"I wouldn't stay in this place for a million a month," she had said, and the sound of her voice brought no comfort, for it was so little like she had thought it that she glanced hastily about to see if it had really been she that spoke.

Her chin was quivering like a terrified child's. Almost into her face went a nighthawk stretched along a limb for its daytime nap. Mrs. Duncan sprang down the trail, lighting on a frog. The croak it gave as she crushed it sickened her. She screamed wildly and jumped to one side. That carried her into the swale, where the grasses reached almost to her waist, and her horror of snakes returning she made a flying leap for an old log lying along the line. She lit on it squarely, but it was so damp and rotten that she sank straight through it to her knees. She caught at the wire as she went down and, missing, raked her wrist over a barb until she said it open in a bleeding gash. Her fingers closed convulsively around the second strand.

She was too frightened to scream now. Her tongue stiffened. She clung frantically to the sagging wire and finally managed to grasp it with the other hand. Then she could reach the top wire, and so she drew herself up and found solid footing. She picked up the club that she had dropped in order to extricate herself. Leaning

heavily on it, she goes back to the trail.

The wind rose higher, the changes from light to darkness were more abrupt, and the thunder came nearer and louder. In swarms the blackbirds rose from the swale and came flocking to the interior with a clamoring cry, "T-check, t-check." Grackles marshaled to their tribal call, "Trail-a-see, trail-a-see." Red winged blackbirds swept low, calling to belated mates, "Fol-low-me, fol-low-me." Huge jetties crows gathered about her, crying, as if warning her to see before it was evening too late. A heron, fishing the nearby pool for Freckles' "and-out" frog, fell into trouble with a muskrat and let out a rasping note. Mrs. Duncan was too shaken to run far.

Several bees struck her and were angrily buzzing about before she noticed them. Then the humming swelled to a roar on all sides. A great, convulsive sob shook her, and she ran into the bushes, now into the swale, anywhere to avoid the swarming bees, ducking, dodging, fighting for her very life. Presently the humming seemed to grow a little fainter. She found the trail again and ran with all her might from a few of her angry pursuers.

And as she ran, straining every muscle, she suddenly became aware that crossing the trail before her was a great, round, black body with brown markings on its back, like painted geometrical patterns. She tried to stop, but the louder buzzing behind warned her she dared not. Gathering her skirts still higher, with hair flying about her face and her eyes almost bursting from their sockets, she ran straight toward it. The sound of her feet and the humming of the bees alarmed the rattler, and it stopped squarely across the trail, lifting its head above the grasses of the swale and rattling inquiringly—rattled until the bees were outdone.

Straight at it went the panic stricken woman, running wildly and uncontrollably. She took one great leap, clearing its body on the path, and then flew on with winged feet. The snake, coiling to strike, missed Mrs. Duncan and landed among the bees instead. They settled over and about it, and, realizing that it had found trouble, it sank

among the grasses and went thrashing toward the deep willow fringed low ground where its den was until the swale looked as if a mighty reaper were cutting a wide swath. The mass of enraged bees darted angrily about, searching for it, and, colliding with the scrub thorn, began a temporary settling there to discover whether it was a suitable place. Mrs. Duncan staggered on a few steps farther, fell face down on the path, where Freckles found her, and lay still.

Freckles worked with her until she drew a long, quivering breath and opened her eyes.

When she saw him bending over her she closed them tightly and, gripping him, struggled to her feet. He helped her up, and, with his arm about and half carrying her, they made their way to the clearing. Then, brawny Scotsman though she was, she keeled over again. The children added their wailing to Freckles' panic.

This time he was so near the cabin that he could carry her into the house and lay her on the bed. He sent the oldest boy scudding down the corduroy for the nearest neighbor, and between them they undressed her and discovered that she was not bitten. They bathed and bound up the bleeding wrist and coaxed her back to consciousness. She lay sobbing and shuddering. The first intelligent word she said was, "Freckles, look at that jar on the kitchen table and see if my yeast is no running over."

Several days went by before she could give Duncan and Freckles any detailed account of what had happened to her. She could not rest until she sent for McLean and begged him to save Freckles from further risk about that place of horrors. The boss went down to the swamp with his mind fully made up to do so.

(Continued next week.)

Fear thou not; for I am with thee; Be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.—Isaiah.



STRAIGHT AT IT WENT THE PANIC STRICKEN WOMAN.

Farm and
Garden

FARMING FOR FUTURE PROFIT.

Tree Crop May Be Made Source of Income if You Look Ahead.

In an article on "The Care of the Farm Wood Lot" C. A. Scott, state forester at the Kansas Agricultural college, says:

The care of the farm wood lot is an item in farm economy that should deeply interest every farmer within the hardwood region. Timber when left to care for itself naturally deteriorates in quality and quantity. Invariably the best trees of the desirable species are cut for various purposes, and no thought is given to planting desirable trees to take the place of those that are cut. Consequently the harder species ultimately come to occupy the greater part of the land. Unfortunately these hardy species are often undesirable trees.

An investigation of the general conditions of our woodlands reveals the fact that the farmers usually class their timberland as waste land or practically such. Investigation reveals a further fact that this timber is growing on the richest land within the state, land that is capable of producing a maximum yield of valuable timber and capable of yielding a profit.

There is not a farmer in the state who would expect to make a financial success of farming if he were to handle his business on the same basis as most farmers are handling their wood lots. The problem in handling the wood lot is simply this: The unprofitable trees must be cut and cleared from the ground and the land stocked with a desirable species.

There are several trees that are entirely suitable for such planting. Where the ground can be cleared and put under cultivation the hardy catalpa is a profitable tree for planting on the low, rich bottom land that is occasionally subject to flooding. On such land it makes a remarkably rapid growth and



Photograph by Kansas State Agricultural college.

TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD CATALPA TREES.

will when from twelve to sixteen years of age cut from 3,000 to 3,500 posts per acre.

The cottonwood makes a more rapid growth than the catalpa on the same character of land as described and will when from twenty-four to thirty years old cut from 15,000 to 20,000 board feet of lumber per acre. The cottonwood lumber is altogether satisfactory for farm building purposes and in many respects is superior to the pine. The lumber is light, but tough and strong enough to give excellent service for farm buildings. It is also used extensively at the present time for crating and other purposes.

Where it is impractical to clear the ground entirely of its present growth it is altogether possible that the stand may be improved by cutting out the least desirable trees and underplanting the remainder with such trees as the red cedar for the production of posts and poles or with white or Austrian pines for the production of lumber. These species will grow on almost any character of soil and, with the exception of the white pine, are entirely hardy and desirable for planting throughout the territory described.

The white pine is subject to occasional injury by severe droughts or the extreme drying conditions of our summer weather, and when used for such planting it should be planted only on north slopes, where it will be protected from the summer sun and wind. The white and Austrian pines are trees of comparatively rapid growth and will when from thirty to forty years of age yield a cut of from 8,000 to 12,000 board feet per acre of excellent lumber for all building purposes.

A rank, untrimmed hedgerow is a detriment to good roads, suffocating to passers by and an eyesore to the premises it bounds.

Poultry as a Second Crop.

The possibilities of the poultry business as a second crop on ground primarily devoted to the production of other crops are not at all appreciated as they should be. Poultry not only can be produced in connection with other crops without any damage to the crops, but decidedly to their advantage.—National Stockman and Farmer.

SOMETHING
for the
LITTLE ONES

SIGHT OF CAT IN THE DARK

When Feline is in Search of Mouse Where the Light is Dim Pupils of Eyes Open Wide.

Some persons will tell you that cats can see in the dark. Now nothing can see in the dark, but some animals can see with a great deal less light than others, just as some cameras will take a picture with less light than others. You open or close the lens in a camera, according to the amount of light, or else you speed up the shutter or slow it down.

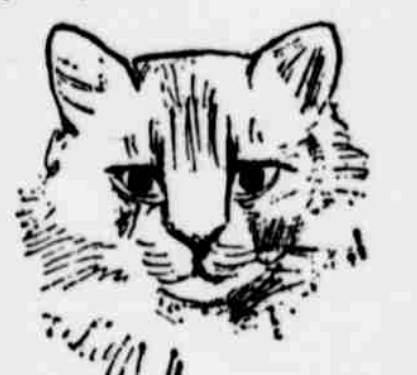
The human eye does this automatically, as the pupil expands or contracts according to the amount of light to which it is exposed; but cats can expand or contract the pupils of their eyes at pleasure, just as you open or shut the stops in the lens of your camera.

When cats are not particularly anxious to see anything the pupils of their eyes become nothing but narrow slits, like this:



Pupils at Ease.

But when a cat is hunting a mouse in a room where there is very little light, or when the cat is being hunted by some bad boys and wants to see every move the boys make, it opens the pupils of its eyes until they are perfectly round.



Pupils Open Wide.

If you happen to be between the cat and the light you will see a peculiar gleam in this wide open pupil, which is the reflection of the light at the back of the cat's eye.

LANGUAGE USED IN SPORTING

Many of Terms Is Our Inheritance From Middle Ages—Phraseology Extended to Man.

Much of the language used in various sports is our inheritance from the middle ages. Different kinds of beasts when in companies were distinguished by their own particular epithets, which was supposed to be in some manner descriptive of the habits of the animals. To use the wrong form of these words subjected the would-be sportsman to ridicule.

Many of these terms have passed away, but some of them are still retained. This list from the middle ages is still good usage today. A "pride" of lions, a "lepe" of leopards, a "herd" of harts and of all sorts of deer, a "bevy" of roes, a "sloth" of bears, a "sanguine" of boars, a "sunder" of wild swine, a "route" of wolves, a "harras" of horses, a "ray" of colts, a "stod" of mares, a "pace" of asses, a "barren" of mules, a "team" of oxen, a "drove" of kine, a "flock" of sheep, a "trite" of goats, a "skulk" of foxes, a "down" of hares, a "nest" of rabbits, a "clowder" of cats, a "schrewness" of apes and a "labor" of moles.

Also, of animals when they retired to rest, a hart was said to be "harbored," a roebuck "bedded," a hare "formed," a rabbit "set." Two greyhounds were called a "couple," but two harriers were called a "couple." There was also a "mote" of hounds for a number, a "kennel" of raches, a "litter" of whelps and a "cowardice" of curs.

This kind of descriptive phraseology was not confined to birds and beasts, but was extended to the human species and their various propensities, natures and callings.

Care of Persian Girls. "Great care is taken that the Persian girls shall conform to the recognized standard of beauty, which requires her to have a cypress waist, a full-moon face, gashlike eyes and eyebrows that meet," says a traveler. "Her eyes, brows and hair must be black as night, her lips, cheeks and gums as red as blood, her skin and teeth as white as almonds, and her back, limbs and fingers long. If these conditions are naturally absent they are supplied, as far as possible, by art. Persian women are always painted, their eyes darkened with khol and their fingers stained with henna."